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THE
CEMETERY
A BRIEF APPEAL TO THE FEELINGS OF
SOCIETY IN BEHALF OF EXTRA-
MURAL BURIAL.

48.720.

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THE
C E M E T E R Y.



THE
CEMETERY
A BRIEF APPEAL TO THE FEELINGS OF
SOCIETY IN BEHALF OF EXTRA-
MURAL BURIAL

"Siste viator"



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1848





DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD
VISCOUNT MORPETH.

ETC. ETC.

MY LORD,

THERE fell from your Lordship, in the last session of Parliament, an expression of an intention to bring in a bill, in the present one, to remedy the evils of burial within towns.

Sympathising deeply with your labours for the good of the half-stifled thousands, which form the teeming reproach of a Chris-

tianized metropolis, I have sought and obtained permission to dedicate this humble effort at co-operation in so righteous a cause to yourself.

If a statement of facts is evidence, and an appeal from the sufferings which they entail to the feeling of society, an admissible argument, it matters little whether that argument be stated in prose or verse. Further, if it be true, as your Lordship's experience can probably testify, that men may oppose a hard-grained apathy, and an eye of self-interested suspicion, to the more formal and rigid aspect under which this subject presents itself to the study of the statesman, there is still a reserve of lighter and yet loftier influences, which may not fall without effect upon the bosom of public sympathy. An effort to give

such influences scope has been the origin of the following short poem, with more ardent wishes that such a cause may prosper than even that I may be conducive to its prosperity,

I beg to remain

Your Lordship's

Most obliged and obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

OXFORD,
Nov. 26, 1847.



THE CEMETERY.

“ Siste, viator.”

PAUSE, traveller, on the road of wealth, or fame,
Or sorrow, o'er the bourne to all the same.
Deign o'er the stone, cosmopolite, to bend,
Where this world's citizenship hath an end.
Here let its wisdom for a while be mist,
And ponder, with the worm thy moralist.

Or, art thou one whom industry, not birth,
Crowns with the merchant-princedom of the earth?
For thee doth wealth her hundred channels
through

Roll all the ophir Solomon ne'er knew ?
Think, when earth's make-weight vanities shall
fade,
* Virtue without her baggage shall be weigh'd.
The full-blown trifles of a life-long dream,
There but the small dust of the balance seem.
No slight of courtly hand its trim destroys,
No gold disturbs the righteous equipoise,
No more the beam shall throb with ev'ry strife,
Each rumour current of the breath of life.
Weigh'd in the vacuum of a future day,
Thy virtue shall be light as is thy clay.
No mammon there shall bribe the trump of fame,
But Justice whisper forth thy 'minish'd name.

Hear then the plea of poverty for breath,

* "I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue."—BACON'S Essays.

The million whom thy broad verge narroweth.
Then lighter on life's ant-hill plod,—and may
God speed thee, like the ant, upon thy way.
Call up the phantoms of a feeling heart,
They “come like shadows,” but not “so depart.”
And if these scenes a soft'ning influence lend,
Think human nature waits to be thy friend.
Scenes, which from careless wealth a bye-thought
crave
—The scanty death-bed, and the shallow grave.

Oft rampant 'neath the goading nerve, the life,
Like cast out demon, issues forth in strife.
Oft, set by painless ecstasy at large,
Parts like an angel who resigns his charge.
Here fever gasps its last sirocco sigh,
There sinks delirium's unassuagéd eye.
When famine's desultory hand hath glean'd,
Comes pestilence, her ministering fiend.
Gnaws with sure tooth the hunger-wasted bone,

And makes the lingering dregs of life her own.
When prescient of the spring he may not taste,
The toil-spent camel stumbles on the waste,
His being's pilgrimage alone achieves,
And adds existence to the load he leaves,
Mark, ere the cloud of death o'ercast his eye,
A speck,—a blot,—a dark wing in the sky ;
The vulture train, through many a league of air,
Swift to the augury of death is there !
Ev'n so, where famine strikes her hopeless sting,
Ere sinks the prey, disease is on the wing.

To pangs like these see human nature yield,
Where throngs the city, or where spreads the
field.

But here, as life's exhaustion supervenes,
Death comes more natural amid nature's scenes.
Slackens, at last stands stills, the out-spun reel,
There " broken at the cistern " lies " the wheel."
Here the old hind a fresher life-breath drinks,

Breaks in hale vigour still the clod, and thinks,
When the limbs stiffen, and the eye grows dim,
Some kindly hand shall turn the turf o'er him.

See, where yon alley crawls with helpless life,
Tenacious nature, in unequal strife,
Curst still with increase, spite of diet spare,
Earth's death-cold damp, the venom-taint of air.
Each little face a miniature of ills,
Childhood's pale throng the teeming kennel fills.
There middle life, by want deform'd to age,
—The weakness not the calm of life's last stage,
Where passions swell the vacuum of pow'r—
Drops to the grave in his meridian hour.
So taper, at the mouth of furnace placed,
Runs, faster than it feeds the light, to waste.

There walks no staff-propp'd senior, to improve
The sage's wisdom with the patriarch's love.
Life time, one level still compell'd to keep,

Knows not youth's shallow nor old age's deep.
Here innate sickliness each pow'r impairs,
Curtails the span of life, but not its cares ;
Precocious childhood learns an elder charge,
Each age's sorrow is a size too large.
Shouldering the babe,—a parent in her woe—
The girl of five her plaything must forego.
Full soon a sterner case successive weans,
And household drudgery o'ertakes the teens.
The bride of toil, the spouse of hunger's curse,
Want's teeming mother, misery's sick'ning nurse,
Too soon absorbed, too prematurely past,
Each age another thrusts, and death the last.
Life's crowded canvass spreads to forty's ken,
The full-length dotage of threescore and ten.

Those reeking cellars, lit with many a chink,
Which fever's floating scum for ever drink,
—Those windows rife with many colour'd rags,
Yet faded all, as misery hoists her flags ;

How many a race of tenants come and go,
In want's unceasing migratory flow,
And, like a stream, thro' cataracts unsluiced,
From fall to fall of poverty deduced,
Restless from rapid still to shallow cast,
Rest stagnant in oblivion's pool at last.
Midst rent's arrear, and sorrow's wasteful fret,
Death comes at length to dun for nature's debt.
Around that ragged bed the sickly brood,
Hush up the death-groan in the wail for food.

Expressive dirge ! whose second sorrow wails
The sire torn from them in the bread which fails.
Whose cheek unconscious of a tear,—not dry,
Turns wistful towards the mother's moistening eye
In grief well taught, e'er knowing why they grieve,
As nature pours the tear intuitive.
Oh ! sorrow, sorrow, chastener of the soul,
That wound'st a peccant part, to heal the whole,
Endearing all we suffer, all we share,

And making woe a generous thing to bear;
Oft in the heart, that once hath felt thy wedge,
The spirit's sword asserts its entering edge.
Thou seem'st to rise th' eclipséd orb of love,
—The raven bound on errand of the dove.
As on the turf rank foliage once o'ergrew,
Thin leaved October lets the sunshine through,
In grief's autumnal hour we learn to shed
The sicklied vanities our summer fed.
'Tis brimming bosoms feel, where love was high,
The aching void which leaves the goblet dry.
But when, each day renew'd, care's spiky wheel
Mangles past feeling all that once could feel,
The one coarse selfish numbness forth will drive
That gentler pang, which "will not always strive."
No more the wounded spirit kindly bleeds,
Grief only follows where all else precedes.
Young lives unhallow'd by a smile are here,
How soon then dries o'er death the hurried tear!
And yet e'en here some little one, whose hour

Of sad long sickness clears his spirit's pow'r,
Talks in unearthly words of dreams at night,
How father shines and smiles, all robed in white;
How, till that dream, his orphan heart was sad,
But father says they shall be one—be glad.
While elders group'd in wonder round the bed
Think on the story some kind lady read.
Their thoughts of "father" are beneath the sod,
Nor ever beg paternal bread of God.
They roam, on chance affiliate forth, to steal
What that lost parent's hand had earn'd—a meal.
But he, by debts and duns at last o'erta'en,
His bones hope rest of mother earth in vain.

Yon old Church tow'r with crazy belfry crown'd,
Yet dwarf'd 'neath garret roofs that topple round,
Where urchin beggary dangles from the rail,
And ragged playmates from the pavement wail;
Where, smoke-charr'd, dies the venerable moss,
With which time loves old stone-work to emboss;

Where starveling spiders angle from the wall
For flies, but only catch the blacks that fall;
Here Want's sore pilgrimage should find its bourne,
—Yet, no—perchance the “traveller” *may* re-
“turn.”

Hark! creaks the mattock on a coffin lid,
And earth gives up her injured dead, unbid.
Wrought loose as mole-hill 'neath th' oft ent'ring
tools,
Each op'ning grave, a banquet meet for Ghoules,
Bids yawn in livid heaps the quarried flesh;
The plague-swoln charnel spreads its taint afresh.
A womb of death, not yet effete with bane:
But ev'ry victim draws a lengthening train.
Death with such widely wasting sickle sweeps,
Man scarce can house the harvest as he reaps.
Thin as Archytas' * boon is turn'd the crust,
Where human strata graduate to dust;

* “*Injecto ter pulvere curras.*” HOR. OD. i. 28.

In foul accumulation, tier on tier,
Each due instalment of the pauper bier,
Crushed in dense-pack'd corruption there they
 dwell,
'Mongst earthy rags of shroud, and splinter'd
 shell.

A quagmire of old bones, where darkly bred,
The slimy life is busy with the dead.
Reeks from that bloated earth miasma's breath,
The full-fed taint of undigested death;
Thence, like the fumes from sleeping glutton's
 throat,

The noisome vapours of her surfeit float.
A grisly rampart mounds the wid'ning cave,
Fresh from death's mine, the fossils of the grave;
And coldly falls the sacrilegious day,
On features whence a face hath passed away.
Deformed in death, unmingled yet with dust,
In random haste, as once beneath it thrust,
Forms, like the livid shades that throng the dream

Of guilt, dark dregs of memory's awful stream,
And seem to stare and commune o'er his lot,
With eyes that light not, lips that whisper not,
Corroding clods by human shape yet shared,
Only more loathsome made by what is spared,
They tumble up piecemeal along the mould ;
And still decay some relic will unfold ;
As from that offal of the tomb we turn,
Some trait, which pleads for pity, bids us yearn ;
—Hireling profaner, hold, some mercy feel !
And will he hear humanity's appeal ?
—Ah—no ;—on lineaments the worm had left,
The mangling spade hath gashed a hideous cleft.
But see, earth closes o'er another head,
And one more sleeper crowds that narrow bed.

Turn hence, where death no persecution knows,
Where dissolution's aspect is repose.
Where sleep the rustic congregation, laid
Around the holy walls where late they pray'd,

Here households gathered to their fathers sleep,
Like one tree's windfalls, swept upon one heap.
The yew-tree, solemn genius of the ground,
O'er moss-grown slabs that stoop in rev'rence
round,

Her dark primeval tabernacle spreads,
As o'ersome stone-turned group of prayerful heads.
Nor other profanation knows the site,
Than, chance at eve, some vagrant wether's bite,
Who, through the crazy turnstile forcing room,
A fresher fodder pilfers from the tomb.
The verdant elm with hoary turrets blent
Sweeps at each breeze th' embosomed battlement.
The jackdaw on the vane's unsettled crest,
Securely cradles in the well known nest.
Whilst birch and ash their plumes demurely wave,
Like lovely wantons sober'd by the grave.

Peruse the nat'ral history of urns,
Repose is that for which fond nature yearns.

To savage in his creed of dreams reveal'd,
In superstition's hieroglyphic seal'd.
The Scythian, dared of yore to fight or flee,
But answer'd, " stir our father's bones and see." *
Pharoic mummies each within his heap,
The would-be monarchs ev'n of mem'ry sleep.
On basement which no time shall e'er unfix,
Rests in its blood-cement the " tale of bricks."
Where Petra's stony face destruction mocks,
The sculptor's hand hath pigeon-holed the rocks.
The fossil city's monumental doom
Hath kept alone in changelessness the tomb.
Where wild peaks taught the living to be bold,
None save the dead the rocky fastness hold. †
To dignify the dust within it laid,
Petra the mountain found, and Egypt made.
There dynasties in ponderous rest immured

* Herodot. iv. 127.

† See Burckhardt's Travels in Syria, 422-432.

Slept, as though weight above repose insured ;
Th' embalmer strove to charm them from decay,
Nor let the potsherd crumble back to clay.

And we too are as careful, though less fond ;
For we too slumber—with a hope beyond.
Awhile earth's furrow wraps the once loved form,
A seedling hope, to sojourn with the worm.
And though, lest here ev'n hope should fondly fix,
Still with her seed the tares of sorrow mix ;
We love it for the portion which shall last,
And monument the future, not the past.
To nature's will the clause of faith is given,
Bequeathing clay to earth—in trust for heav'n.
No torpor an eternal refuge brings,
We sleep as those who shall awake with wings ;
And through the night watch slumber in our pall,
Like warriors waiting for their clarion's call.

Why turn a hot spring of the heart to chill ?

The burial ground is sanctuary still.
Canst teach mankind their sentiments by rule,
Or put our bosom sympathies to school?
Though want the whispers of the feelings hush,
In iron vice each fine preception crush,
Deem but their growth suspended; for the shoot
Exists potentially, while lives the root.
Burst but a chink, the flower within the vault
Will spring, to take some sunbeam by assault.
The same electric charges ev'ry breast;
—Excite, and trust kind nature for the rest.
Place the conductor, she will yield the spark,
And self-illumine the soul which erst was dark.

As every feeling owns a final cause,
Grief finds a place among our being's laws.
Ere felt the sting, this warns us of the dart,
A presage of our own in other's smart.
When some loved bosom can no longer thrill,
More with our own we "commune, and are still."

And learn that hopes, to which on earth we
 clave,
Should bear transplanting hence beyond the
 grave.

Wouldst stir the moral lever of mankind ?
Scorn not its fulcrum in the tomb to find.

When treasured ashes back to earth we give,
'Tis not enough to turn away—and live.
We shall do less, if this be all we seek,
For, ev'n when best it loves, the flesh is weak.
We need some shrine to consecrate a sigh,
Some gentle growth to water with the eye.
A general sorrow will too coldly flow ;
The mourner seeks a property in woe.
Grief pastureth apart, nor will abide
To graze the common by the high-way side.
Then teach the poor, amid their work-day lot,
To localize affection,—love a spot ;

And safe from hireling sacrilege, and shame,
Let sorrow choose " a place to set her name."
But let no doubtful right the tenure spoil,
Entail the dead their title in the soil.
Ne'er let revert to common earth the mound,
The touch of Christian dust makes holy ground.
And let the restless curse his ashes sear,
Who dares " remove his neighbour's landmark " here.

Nay be to poor and rich the boon assign'd,
Direct aright the sorrows of mankind.
Sustain the links of faith, and rites, and creeds,
For prayer-spent moments are eternal seeds.
Our congregation, friends, and kindred, tie
In tight'ning knots our nat'ral charity.
Let those sleep sep'rate, who believed apart ;
Not make of Church and sect a gen'ral mart.
Yet be the Cemetery's features, such
As some Church-yard expression still may touch.

But bar that union in Mezentian strife,*
Nor gird corruption to the skirts of life.
Stretch 'midst the plague the mediating hand,
And 'twixt the dead and living dare to stand.
We cannot wrest the Churches from our towns ;
Let each still sanctify the site it crowns.
If, though deform'd without, and rude within,
Its angel testimony plead with sin,
Staunch the prompt oath, provoke th' unwonted
 pray'r,
Its Sabbath summons falls not vainly there.
If awe yet strike, when quits the soul her clay,
Toll still the knell, but bury far away.

Yet yield no joint-stock undertakers room,
Nor let the sexton traffic in the tomb.
In hands that grasp at worldly gain, the trust

* In allusion to the story of Mezentius' cruelty, in tying a living captive to a lifeless corpse.

Is ill reposed of consecrated dust ;
Where on full-length prospectus flaunts unfurl'd
A railway company to th' other world ;
A speculation in the last of cares,
Where pestilence shall raise the price of shares.
Fling wide the portals of the tomb ;—as breath
Free to the living, be the turf to death.
Let not the beggar's bones for burial wait,
While some committee bars the partial gate ;
Like pauper ghosts whom Charon's ferry staid,*
Nay let them pass, for nature's debt is paid.
Let a last thought of God, not mammon, haunt
The dying pillow of the child of want.
Oh, let them rest, through life condemn'd to crave,
Earth hath not giv'n them much,—concede a
grave.

Bid private coffers sumptuous waste disburse,

* Nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem. Juv. iii. 267.

But rigid decency, the public purse.
Let those who must be laid at lordly ease,
The pamper'd pageant expiate in fees.
Nay, tax the sculptured urn, and broider'd pall,
The worst, most wanton luxury of all.
How thin the mask of vanity, whose glare
Gilds, through the tomb's transparent pomp, the
 heir !

The mausoleum doth no test provide,
Of worth departed, but surviving pride.
The heir extends the train, and piles the stone,
As index of the wealth become his own.
When that long preface to the urn thou seest,
Be sure three fourths is selfishness at least.
Friendship's last office draws a throng so vast,
Because men feel so sure it is the last.

“ What, pour a niggard boon ?” some palt'rer
 cries ;
“ Of that which cost thee nothing sacrifice ?”

If spend thou must, a better aim ensure ;
—Suppose, a hecatomb to feed the poor ?
Hath earth no treasure-house of better trust
Than yon pile, dedicate to worm and dust ?
Must 'broid'ry tarnish round the with'ring brow,
And ashes too disdain the sack-cloth now ?
Oh, can the soul rest calmly with its God,
Whose very dust lies pamper'd in the sod ?
Still must "the pride of life" outlast its term,
Not humbled yet, though levell'd with the worm ?
He who a temple to Corruption builds,
His name to canker with his body yields ;
But his, who ornaments with alms his death,
Shall live embalm'd in benediction's breath.
Or, if in kind death's payment more redounds,
With headstones deck the poor's unhonour'd
 mounds.

In those rude slabs thy mausoleum see,
Their want supplied yields luxury to thee.
Thine own upon a hundred mem'ries graft,

And in a hundred names stand epitaph'd.
There rest his ashes in no nameless earth,
Who "being dead yet speaketh" of thy worth.
Those mounds unletter'd infancy may weed,
And from the lines of sorrow learn to read;
Thoughts that make grief unselfish shall combine,
Sons o'er their father's grave remember thine;
There earn the laurel no oblivion strips,
There gather blessings late from early lips;
And as each sorrows for his own dear dead,
A tribute claim in ev'ry tear that's shed;
Whilst they, who've none to weep for, shall recall,
Thou lov'd'st to lie in charity with all.

Allow the tomb its privacy—yet rate
The grave-ground as the manor of the state.
Here taste should range, caprice should find
control,
Forms individual tend towards the whole.
Not he alone, the mourner's watch who keeps,

Claims int'rest in the tomb o'er which he weeps ;
Bid public criticism the sceptre claim,
Lest one man's sorrow be the gen'ral shame.
Nor clip too close the pinions of design,
Else will the rich evade thy rigid line,
And, e'en in sorrow finding vent for spleen,
Shame art, and squander cash at Kensall Green.
Amongst the silent citizens of dust,
Yield due allowance, claim forbearance just.
None to himself alone may live or die,
None here, as though alone he lay, may lie,
Let each design some central feeling warm,
The monuments a congregation form.
Should that "one faith, one baptism," which
 combined,
Speak schism in outward pageant to the mind ?
Nay—in one chorus let the stones cry out ;
Here taste, be humble, grandeur, be devout ;
Dread worse than ev'n too uniform a phase,
That monumental chaos, Pere la Chase.

There griefs repugnant vie to be preferr'd ;
Each grave thing turns some other to absurd.
Mere masquerade, they laugh each other down ;
Motley hath ever been the garb of clown.
That all may solemn be, where each is sad,
We must assimilate, not simply add.
Should from each pile a fragment coalesce,
Could grief survive, burlesqued in such a dress ?
Who would not at the solemn jargon laugh,
Were each tongue blent to word an epitaph ?
So is it, where, the features kept distinct,
Mutual reflection throws th' expression link'd :
No single image strikes us unperplex'd,
Contrast makes each a party to the next.
Conceive a Brahmin, Rabbi, Gheber, Friar,
Condemn'd to pour forth psalmody in quire ;
Though sacred held, though studious to awe,
Their very votaries would in jeers withdraw.
Forms, meant to give solemnity relief,
Are but diversely apposite to grief ;

And all sublime, but each by different rule,
That contravened, collapse in ridicule.

Why should the cross the broken column scare,
The badge of faith, the symbol of despair?
Can Christian hope her jewel fitly set
In obelisk, or vase, or minaret!
Can truth in guise of ancient falsehood dwell,
Nor tempt a sarcasm from the infidel?
Here pyramids 'mid gothic chapels rise,
Or cherubs smile, or serpents symbolize.*
Yon mausoleum, massive to a fault,
O'erawes some pretty villa style of vault.

* "The serpent entered into the Egyptian religion under all his characters—of an emblem of Divinity, a charm, an oracle, and a God."

He "was deemed symbolical of the divine wisdom, power, and creative energy, of immortality, and regeneration, from the shedding of his skin, and of eternity, when represented in the act of biting his own tail."

"Serpent Worship," by Rev. J. B. Deane, pp. 119, 127.

They who believe the soul can feel their pray'rs,
Advis'dly feed the ashes with their cares ;
Niche well the saint above the sinner's head,
And mark in fillets flung the masses said.
They but their creed illustrate on the tomb,
Broid'ring each hillock with perennial bloom ;
Though to our eyes it might an emblem waft,
To find such flow'rs are artificial oft.
And some censorious gazer might reflect,
How fading fripp'ry registers neglect ;
And read a moral in each with'ring crown,
As garish yellow wanes to sullen brown ;
How, in the swift still process of decay,
The living grief is even with the clay ;
Till to the tomb an epoch hath return'd,
And comes the mourner's turn to be the mourn'd.

Those whom ye copy with delusive care,
Far wiser in their generations were :
Mark, how their practice your example shelves,

Their dead the ancients buried for themselves ;
No home-bred dust in urn exotic wrapt,
Or, if they borrow'd, had the sense t' adapt.
And shall the Christian heathen symbols ape,
And own his hope alone without a shape ?
Shall Faith or Superstition's carcase turn,
Pilf'ring the accursed thing she ought to spurn ?
Nay search for archetypes the Church's page,
Ere misread Classics barbarized the age ;
There let the minster's vault, the abbey's shrine,
Express on earth a sorrow grown divine.

Nor would my strain in empty satire end,
Of errors easier to accuse than mend.
At faults in detail ancient satire laugh'd,
Yet sketch'd correction but in gen'ral draught ;
Thus be it mine t' have shown beyond dispute,
How oft beneath the sod affections root,
How ev'n in tastes are principles exprest,
How ev'ry fashion is a feeling drest,

Tho' but one verse of all I writ be read,
We for the livings' sake revere the dead.
Yet lest dull critics cavil at the line,
That durst commit itself to no design ;
The Muse would sink the measure in the man,
Suggest the planners, if not draw the plan.

Let then the artist with the statesman join,
To mould the die of grief, and mint the coin.
Are there no names, the elegantly wise,
The scheme to trace, the limits to devise ?
Could Britain find trustees of all the arts,
Where o'er the Thames a new St. Stephen's starts ?
—Assign such trust her cemeteries too,
Th' unnoted many, as th' historic few.

Each precept positive too simple seems,
And still my pen with prohibitions teems.
Yet let two points be polar to thine eye,
One sacredness, and one simplicity.

Let chastity keep pure, devotion, warm,
That clothe the essence, this inspire the form.

But banish far th' economist's pretence,
The licensed sacrilege which shocks the sense.
Yield the first curse its way—the kindred frame
In dissolution let the dust reclaim.
Pile here no bone-fed crucible, where lime
Prevents the gentler alchemy of time.
For here the ore whose dross shall yet be purged,
Expecting incorruption, lies submerged.
The metal lurks, which starting from the mine,
Restamp'd with God's own image yet shall shine.
The glebe so dressed, for man's sake doom'd at
first,
Shall for thy sacrilege be doubly curst.
That dust, revered, shall holier crops employ,
And "they who sow in tears shall reap in joy,"
—A moral harvest of no earthly sheaf,
As piety is ripen'd out of grief.

But here her weeds let pensive nature wear,
In sable cypress wrap the white tomb's glare ;
Bid ivied sorrows weep from ev'ry wall,
And sunbeams melt to twilight as they fall.
Let on grey stones the wild Virginian vine,
Like grace^d bright'ning on a death-bed shine ;
Hue by hue rip'ning, loveliest at the last,
A wreath of glory over ruin cast.
Let plummy pine with cedar blend, and yew,
To tuft the walk, and fringe the avenue :
And let their full-length foliage dimly mourn,
Like sacred locks of Nazarite, unshorn.
Or let the aisle-roof'd alley of the elm,
Shut from the pensive eye the azure realm ;
There may the choristers of heaven rejoice ;
And in the bird's light wing and lighter voice,
Relenting sorrow may unlearn the sigh,
And sweeten with a pray'r the breeze that wanders
by.

Perchance, in erring maze enticed to crawl,

Some rivulet may linger to its fall;
Thence, where the thickets knit their arching
 brows,
Glide murmurless away beneath the boughs;
Then tranquil op'ning in a fountain play,
With upward drops aspiring to the ray.
Is there one spirit pent in earthly cell,
Who would not read that river's parable?

Here set the warrior's, here the statesman's name,
The wise and good, the centinels of fame.
Here let them gather round their urns the throng,
All whom the deathless deed bequeaths to song,
All o'er whose dust the living hold their breath,
To commune with the soul that slumbereth.
Names floating on the tide of hero lay,
Shall yield the bard a tributary bay.
There while earth's homage waits upon their
 mound,
Greatness, a pilgrim, as to holy ground,

In lustre of their light his humbler stone,
Whose song hath made their triumphs seem his own,
May point thee where, beneath more famous heaps,
The minister of glory mutely sleeps,
And as ye say, "a son of song lies here,"
Make with the smile a rainbow for the tear.

But oh ! let love be first, and second art,
Let Cemeteries win the people's heart ;
Though lowly lay secure the weary head,
And in the tomb domesticate the dead.

The scenery of a Cemetery as attempted here to be portrayed, may be thought fanciful and impossible, at any rate at first. But why need ground to be bought for such a purpose be utterly bare, so as to require a century to clothe it in attire at all corresponding to that described in the text ? An attempt should certainly be made to purchase land with a shelter of timber upon it, of whatever kind,—but not, if possible, all of the same kind.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOK'S COURT.







